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"Presently the diligence stopped at the foot of an abrupt rise, and the fellow who drove the oxen came and told the bandits they must get out and walk up. They stepped out at once, and in a moment I heard a slight scuffle. I looked out just in time to see both the drivers lashed together by the arms, back to back. They must have been placed ready for the operation, for the thing had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol and awaited the result. My heart was in my mouth, but the intense excitement rendered me strong for the while.

"In a few seconds one of the villains came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face.

"*Gold! Gold!*" he said. "Give me gold or die."

"It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand, while with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The ball entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him; for I saw his companion coming up upon the other side. I hoped to gain the dead man's pistol, but ere I could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder, and his pistol aimed at my head. With an energy which the presence of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down, and grappled with him. He hurled me to the ground as though I had been a child; but before he could follow up his advantage, the postillion cried out:

"Hold, Marco! A vettura is coming!"

The robber turned, and in a moment more a heavy vettura, with four horses attached, came round the corner full upon us. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the window.

"Help! Robbers!" I shouted with all my might.

The bandit had taken aim at the vetturino of the new team, but he was too late. My brother had comprehended the whole truth in a moment, and with a sure aim and a quick one too, he shot the villain through the heart.

We secured my two drivers, and then matters were quickly explained. I told my brother all that had happened, and he then told me he had heard of my illness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been ill at Bologna, so that they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude

was, and how fervently we blessed God for this fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to lift me up from the pain I had suffered, and I felt better than I had before felt for weeks.

"And now what should we do next? Should we let the two rascally drivers go, and turn about for Bologna?

"No," said my brother. "Our sisters won't expect us for three days; so we'll carry these villains back and give them up, and to-morrow we'll go over in my vettura."

"We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence, and then bound the two drivers hand and foot, and tumbled them in after. The oxen were cast adrift, and my brother's vetturino mounted and started the heavy team back, while we assumed the control of the vettura ourselves.

The drive down the mountain was quickly performed, and the city of Pistoja was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognized as old offenders at once, and my testimony very quickly settled the business for the drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna, where my sisters received me with open arms, and two days afterwards we were all in Venice.

"So much for my trip across the Apennines. And let me say to you: If you have ever an occasion to hire a special diligence, with strange drivers, to ride over the mountains of Italy, be sure that you are well armed, and have a trusty friend with you if possible."

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

HE story of the true "Women of the Revolution" is not all told. One has recently transpired which deserves to be re-told, that the women of to-day may see of what stuff their mothers were made. The Honesdale (Pa.) Democrat chronicles the recent death of Mrs. Sarah Benjamin, of Mt. Pleasant, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fourteen years five months and three days, and thus refers to the stirring incidents of her life:

"Her maiden name was Sarah Matthews, and she was born in Goshen, Orange county, New-York, on the 17th of November, 1743. She was thrice married. Her first husband was Mr.

William Reed. He served in the Revolutionary army in the early part of the struggle, and died of a wound received in Virginia. Her second husband was Mr. Aaron Osburne, of Goshen, New-York. He also was in the army of the Revolution, but survived the war. Her last husband was Mr. John Benjamin, with whom she settled in Mount Pleasant in 1812. He died four years afterward. She had five children, the youngest of whom is seventy years old. She has left four generations of descendants. From her youth until past forty years of age she was in the midst of the rough and stirring scenes of border warfare or of the Revolutionary struggle. Her temperament was such that she could not be an idle spectator of events. She entered very deeply into all these vicissitudes. Up to the latest period of her life, she distinctly recollects the family of Mr. Broadhead, whose sons, in 1755, boldly resisted a party of two hundred Indians, making a fort of their house. She was in the vicinity of Minisink when Brant, the Indian chief, led a party of Indians and Tories through that settlement, scalping the inhabitants and burning the houses. After the second marriage, she accompanied her husband in the army. During marches she made herself useful in preparing food, and when in quarters engaged in sewing for the officers and men. She was, however, ready for any service which circumstances seemed to require. When the army was engaged in embarking some heavy ordnance at Kingsbridge, on the Hudson, ostensibly to attack New-York, then in the hands of the enemy, it was necessary to do it in the night, and to place sentries around, lest they should be observed or taken by surprise. Her husband having been placed as a sentinel, she took his station, with overcoat and gun; that he might help to load the heavy artillery. Soon Washington came round to examine the outposts, and detecting something unusual in her appearance, asked, 'Who placed you here?' She promptly replied, in characteristic way, 'Them who had a right to, Sir.' He, apparently pleased with her independent and patriotic spirit, passed on. She accompanied the army with her husband to the South, and was present at the siege of Yorktown, and the surrender of Cornwallis. During the battle, she was busy in carrying water to the thirsty, and relieving the wants of the suffering. When

passing where the bullets of the enemy were flying, she met Washington, who said, 'Young woman, are you not afraid of the bullets?' She pleasantly answered, 'The bullets will never cheat the gallows.' She possessed extraordinary energy, even in her extreme age, and would relate the events of her early days with all the vivacity of youth. Up almost to the period of her death she exercised herself in carding and spinning. The fineness and uniformity of her yarn was a wonder and an admiration. She visited her friends on foot, making long walks, and when she used a carriage, disdained to be helped to enter it. Two or three years ago she remarked that she had never been sick but once. She then sent for a physician, who left her some medicines. After he had gone, she, not liking the smell of it, 'threw the dirty stuff in the fire, and then had to pay for it.' The simplicity of her life was peculiar. For some time past she has been regarded as a sort of curiosity on account of her great age and vivid recollection of events long past. Many visitors called upon her, and were always received with cheerfulness, and went away surprised and delighted with her flow of genial humor combined with rare physical activity. She was indeed a link connecting the present age with ages past and gone. For a long period she was ready, and cheerfully waiting to depart, and her end was calm and peaceful."

THE REASON WHY
TOM LUNDY DIDN'T BECOME
A NATURALIST.

TOM LUNDY was a queer boy, in many respects. He had a great love for a great many things, as boys are apt to have; but he possessed some likes not uncommon to boyhood. He loved snakes, "blue-jay" birds, silk-worms—indeed whatever was of livid and peculiar hue. His "laboratory" was fitted up in the loft of the carriage-house, and thither he secretly bore his curiosities to prepare them. It was an odd place, into which none would ever intrude, for the good reason, perhaps, that access was not the easiest thing in the world, nor a practicable thing for females whose gar-

ments were not specially constructed for climbing through a hole overhead. Tom's good Aunt Lucy's sharp eyes mistrusted that *something* was "in the wind." She often inquired what he had up there, and was so filled with wonder and curiosity as to declare she *would* see for herself, some time when Tom was away. Tom told her not to try it, as he was sure she would be frightened at his "collection." But Aunt Lucy had a stout heart and a stouter will, and made up her mind to try for admission. Opportunity soon offered.

One day Tom was sent to town for his other aunt, Margaret, and her little daughter, Kitty. So, driving away in the carriage, he left the "collection" to itself, after having carefully fastened the trap-door to the loft, previous to the carriage (upon which he always mounted to his retreat) being taken away. Aunt Lucy lost no time in attempting her investigations. Penetrating to the carriage-house, she discovered the door overhead, but how to get to it was the question. The difficulty was soon overcome. Gathering boxes and an old barrel, she soon had the necessary ladder, and forthwith mounted to the door. This she found ingeniously fastened with a wooden bolt, but succeeded in forcing it back, and the door was easily lifted. Thrusting her head up—what a sight greeted her eyes! Upon the beams overhead were flies, bugs, insects innumerable—on the side were owls, hawks, and birds of all feathers and plumage, so beautifully stuffed as to look alive; on the shelves were some things hard to see from her look-up, so the now amused lady clambered through the opening and stood in the mystic chamber. It was a sight to gladden her curious gaze, and she found it in her heart to say: "Tom is a wonderful boy!" She proceeded to the shelves—heavens! what a sight was there! Lizards, rattlesnakes, copper-heads, blue-racers—all with glassy eyes and open jaws turned towards her. Her heart was sick to think that her dear boy had handled such loathsome creatures as these. She turned away, ready for a descent from such a region. A box perforated with small holes attracted her attention. What was it? She stirred it with her foot. Out ran a half dozen beautiful green snakes not more than three or four inches in length! This climaxed her horrors. She sprang, with a scream, to the trap-door, slid through it—her clothing did not follow, having

caught upon the corner of the door. Standing upon the barrel she struggled to release the firm hold of the door; alas! the treacherous barrel slipped from under her feet, and there hung Aunt Lucy, suspended in air, in the condition *puris naturalibus*, talked of by the doctors. The sudden strain brought the trap-door down tight, holding the gowns in inexorable grasp, indeed—but, thanks! also shutting away from her the hateful snakes.

Ere the frightened woman could gather her scattered senses, to organize an escape from her *exposed* predicament, the wide carriage door opened: there stood Tom and there hung Aunt Lucy! both stupefied—one with wonder, the other with mortification. Tom immediately saw the true state of the "accident," and, like a brave lad, went to the rescue—the Aunt, meanwhile, crying: "Oh, don't look, Tom—don't!" The barrel was replaced on the boxes. Tom mounted, and lifted the door up to release the dress; no sooner was the trap lifted than down plunged three or four of the snakes, which evidently had found their nest in the folds of the gowns. This capped Aunt Lucy's terror, and she rolled, fainting, down over the boxes to the ground.

Here was a fix for Tom. To call help would discover the whole story of his retreat and its mysteries, and thus break it up; not to summon aid was a fearful risk to assume. The death-like face of his aunt won the mastery, and he loudly cried for help. The whole household came to his call; Aunt Lucy was removed to the house—Tom rode for the doctor, saying, all the time, "he would kill them snakes, anyhow." When he arrived home, what was his horror to see, not only his snakes dead, but all his stuffed lizards, serpents, owls, hawks, bugs, &c., &c., placed in one heap, upon which the hired man was piling light wood, preparatory to a general annihilation. Tom was indignant at this sacrilege, and spoke his mind freely; the hired man only said it was the orders from the house. Tom rushed in, burning with indignation, but his aunt's groans soon silenced him. In her fall, she had broken her left leg. Tom loved his aunt dearly, and this calamity so filled him with remorse that he went forth, assisted the hired man to obliterate every vestige of his mysterious chamber, and from that day forth never more pursued the study of natural science. And it was thus the world lost a promising Naturalist.